

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
DR. GOLDSMITH.

IN
ONE VOLUME.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. LACKINGTON, CHISWELL STREET,
FINSBURY SQUARE, MOORFIELDS.
MDCCXCII.

*75R-83

PORTLAND WORKS

DE. O. J. J. J.

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

THE SOCIETY OF

TO THE

REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse, thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man, who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear Brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a fa-

ered office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, as things are now circumstanced, perhaps that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest. What from the increased refinement of the times, from the diversity of judgments produced by opposing systems of criticism, and from the more prevalent diversions of opinion influenced by party, the strongest and happiest efforts can expect to please but in a very narrow circle.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. And as they offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her: they engross all favour to themselves; and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank-verse and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care, and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion

DEDICATION.

ix

to defend it; and, as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say, for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous. I mean, party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. A mind capable of relishing general beauty, when once infected with this disease, can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of Poet: his lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank-verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I much solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show, that there may be equal happiness in other states, though differently governed from our own;

DEDICATION.

that each state has a particular principle of happiness ; and that this principle, in each state, and in our own in particular, may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am, SIR,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

THE
TRAVELLER;

OR, A

PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, flow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanded to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, where mirth and peace abound,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care!
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?

Say,

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's tenant, all the world in mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies.
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

Yet, where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?

The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long night of revelry and ease.
The naked savage, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Nor less the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is, at home.

And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share;
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
As different good, by Art or Nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labour's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supply'd,
On Idra's cliff, as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, splendour, honour, liberty, content:
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.

THE TRAVELLER.

Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, ITALY extends:
Her uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves that blossom but to die;

The

These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-borne gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all their manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain:
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And, even in penance, planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; nor far remov'd the date,
When Commerce proudly flourish'd through the state.
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
But, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Soon Commerce turn'd on other shores her sail;
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;

From

From these, the feeble heart, and long-fallen mind,
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress, or a saint, in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance.

When noble aims have suffer'd long controul,
They sink at last, or feebly man the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by Time, and tottering in decay,
Amidst the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them; turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display:
Where the bleak SWISS their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly soothes the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, ev'n here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
To shade the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trouls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays the cleanly platter on the board:

And

THE TRAVELLER.

19

And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:
And, as a babe, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close, and closer, to the mother's breast;
So, the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more!

These are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants are few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
Since every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies:
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smould'ring fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire;

Unfit

Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer,
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire,

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run;
 And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart:
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons, cowering on the nest;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm our way,
 These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 We turn; and FRANCE displays her bright domain.
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:
 And haply, though my harsh touch faltering still,
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;

Yet

Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike, all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in jestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore!

So bright a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away!
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd; they give, to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation, here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;

Here

Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace.
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where HOLLAND lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to go;
Spreads it's long arms amidst the watry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crouded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And Industry begets a love of gain.

Hence

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But, view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here:
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves;
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that sleep beneath the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow:
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where BRITAIN courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend, that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind.
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:

Pride

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control;
 While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear.
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy:
 But, foster'd ev'n by Freedom, ills annoy.
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All kindred claims that soften life unknown:
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt Ambition struggles round her shore;
 Whilst, over-wrought, the general system feels
 It's motion stopt, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst: as social bonds decay,
 As duty, love, and honour, fall to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.

Hence

Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps, unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot claim,
And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not thus, when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By cold contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them, to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each—
Much on the low; the rest, as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise:
While, should one order disproportion'd grow,
It's double weight must ruin all below.

B

O then

O then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power, to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart!
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly, from petty tyrants—to the Throne.

Yes, Brother, curse with me, that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour, in it's source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force!
Have we not seen, round BRITAIN'S peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste;
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste?
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train;

And

THE TRAVELLER.

27

And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp, repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village, fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes—a melancholy train!—
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian takes a deadly aim:
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise;
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a fond look where ENGLAND's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,

How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part, which laws, or kings, can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves, in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy!
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
LUKE's iron crown, and DAMIEN's bed of steel,
To men, remote from power but rarely known,
Leave Reason, Faith, and Conscience, all our own.

THE

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

B 9

DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I Can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only Dedication I ever made was to my Brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and more mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend

to enquire; but I know you will object (and, indeed, several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge; and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating or not: the discussion would take up much room; and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and

and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out, of late, on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am, dear SIR,

Your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

B 5

THE

and to many a home have been made. Indeed, it
 has been found, and it is, on the whole, the best
 condition, that, nearly for the sake of novelty, and
 for a small number of years, it is the best.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. and ancient friends,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE

THE
DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring it's earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm;
The never-failing brook, the busy mill;
The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made:
How often have I blest the coming day,
When, toil remitting, lent it's turn to play;

And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree !
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending, as the old survey'd ;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And flights of art, and feats of strength, went round ;
 And still, as each-repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd :
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove ;
 These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please :
 These, round thy bow'rs, their cheerful influence shed ;
 These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled !

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn !
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green !
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works it's wetty way :

Along

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards it's nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land!

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made!
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere ENGLAND's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd it's man:
For him light Labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more!
His best companions, Innocence and Health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd! Trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain.
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp, repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Thou

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room;
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more !

Sweet AUBURN ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn, confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, and hawthorn grew :
Here, as with doubtful, pensive steps, I range,
Trace every scene, and wonder at the change ;
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share !—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame from wasting by repose ;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill ;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw :

And

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last!

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care that never must be mine;
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease!
Who quits a world, where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from his gate:
But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects bright'ning at the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose!
There, as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below:
The swain responsive, as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children, just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind:
 These, all, in soft confusion, sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail;
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale;
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread;
 But all their bloomy flush of life is fled!
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:
 She, wretched Matron! forc'd, in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn;
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left, of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain!

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich, with forty pounds a year:
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;

Unskilful

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

41

Unskilful he, to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour !
 Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize ;
 More bent, to raise the wretched, than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain.
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claim allow'd :
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;
 Wept o'er his wounds ; or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
 Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learnt to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
 Careless their merits, or their faults, to scan,
 His pity gave, ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt, at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt it's new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
 He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way !

Beside

43 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood † At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, falt'ring accents, whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place:
Truth, from his lips, prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n—
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n:
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round it's breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village Master taught his little school:

A man

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learnt to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes—for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings, when he frown'd!
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too:
Lands he could measure, terms and tides preface;
And even the story ran, that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the Parson own'd his skill;
For, ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still:
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame! the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot!

Near yonder thorn, that lifts it's head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house, where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;

Where

Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news, much older than their ale, went round.
Imagination fondly stoops, to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place—
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor;
The varnish'd clock, that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures, plac'd for ornament and use;
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors ! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from it's fall !
Obscure it sinks ! nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and learn to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling blifs go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes, let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art!
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd;
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrustful, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth; ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay;
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand,
Between a splendid, and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet, count our gains! The wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not

46. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Not so the loss! The man of wealth and pride
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd :
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds!
 The robe, that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
 In barren splendor feebly waits it's fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes :
 But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
 When time advances, and when lovers fail;
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
 But, verging to decline, it's splendors rise,
 It's vistas strike, it's palaces surprize!
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;

And

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

47

And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave!

Where, then—ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd!

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd,
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe!
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way!
The dome, where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train!
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare!
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy;
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless, shiv'ring female, lies!

She

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
 Now, lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head;
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the snow'r,
 With heavy heart, deplores that luckless hour,
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel, and robes of country brown!

Do thine, sweet AUBURN! thine, the loveliest train,
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
 Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 To torrid tracts, with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe:
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;
 Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;
 Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
 Those poisonous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;

Where,

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Where, at each step, the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they:
While oft, in whirls, the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies:
Far different these, from every former scene:
The cooling brook; the grassy-vested green;
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love!

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away!
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell; and wish'd, in vain,
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old Sire, who first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely Daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

30 THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

With louder plaints the Mother spoke her woes,
And blest'd the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the decent manliness of grief.

O LUXURY! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unweildy woe:
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round!

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done:
Ev'n now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land:
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented Toil, and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there;

And

THE DESERTED VILLAGE. 31

And Piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.

And thou, sweet POETRY! thou, loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, in solitude my pride:
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found me poor at first, and kept me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel! and, oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether, where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow:
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain!
Teach him, that states, of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very blest:
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

[illegible]

AMERICAN GAZETTE 42

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

A BALLAD.

FAURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,

“ And guide my lonely way,
“ To where yon taper cheers the vale
“ With hospitable ray!

“ For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
“ With fainting steps and slow;
“ Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
“ Seem length'ning as I go.”

“ Forbear, my son,” the Hermit cries,
“ To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
“ For yonder faithless phantom flies
“ To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here, to the houseless child of want,

" My door is open still;

" And, though my portion be but scant,

" I give it with good-will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share

" Whate'er my cell bestows;

" My rushy couch and frugal fare,

" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks, that range the valley free,

" To slaughter I condemn;

" Taught by the Power that pities me,

" I learn to pity them :

" But from the mountain's grassy side

" A guiltless feast I bring ;

" A scrip with herbs and fruit supply'd,

" And water from the spring.

" Then, Pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego ;

" All earth-born cares are wrong :

" Man wants but little here below,

" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heav'n descends,

His gentle accents fell :

The grateful stranger lowly bends,

And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,

The lonely mansion lay ;

A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,

And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath it's humble thatch

Requir'd a master's care ;

The wicket, opening with a latch

Admitted the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire,

To take their evening rest,

The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,

And cheer'd his pensive guest :

And spread his vegetable store ;

And gaily prest, and smil'd ;

And, skill'd in legendary lore,

The lingering hours beguil'd.

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
It's tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief sat heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answering care oppress:
And, "Whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
The sorrows come?"

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove:
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?"

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
"Are trifling, and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling still than they.

"And

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

37

“ And what is friendship but a name,
“ A charm that lulls to sleep;
“ A shade, that follows wealth or fame,
“ And leaves the wretch to weep?

“ And love is still an emptier sound,
“ The modern fair-one's jest:
“ On earth unseen, or only found!
“ To warm the turtle's nest.

“ For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
“ And spurn the sex!” he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands, confess,
A maid, in all her charms!

48 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rack; In A."

"A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;

"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude In A."

"Where Heaven and you reside. In A."

"But let a maid thy pity share; In A."

"Whom Love has taught to stray;

"Who seeks for rest, but finds Despair In A."

"Companion of her way. In A."

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne, In A."

"A wealthy lord was he;

"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine; In A."

"He had but only me. In A."

"To win me from his tender arms; In A."

"Unnumber'd suitors came; In A."

"Who prais'd me for imputed charms; In A."

"And felt, or feign'd, a flame; In A."

"Each morn the gay, fantastic crowd, In A."

"With richest proffers strove; In A."

"Among the rest, young Edwin bow'd, In A."

"But never talk'd of love. In A."

"In

" In humble, simplest, habit clad,
" No wealth nor power had he;
" A constant heart was all he had,
" But that was all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
" The dews of heav'n refin'd,
" Could nought of purity display,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine:
" Their charms were his—but, woe to me!
" Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And, while his passion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain.

" Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And sought a solitude forlorn,
" In secret, where he dy'd.

60 EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,

" And well my life shall pay;

" I'll seek the solitude he sought,

" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,

" I'll lay me down and die :

" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,

" And so for him will I."

" Thou shalt not thus," the Hermit cry'd,

And clasp'd her to his breast :

"The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—

" 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear!

" My charmer, turn to see

" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin, here,

" Restor'd to love and thee !

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,

" And ev'ry care resign :

" And shall we never, never part,

" O thou—my all that's mine ?

EDWIN AND ANGELINA

“ No, never from this hour to part,

“ We'll live and love so true;

“ The sigh that rends thy constant heart,

“ Shall break thy Edwin's too.”

THE

THE
DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

A TALE.

SECLUDED from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm liv'd a college life:
A fellowship at twenty-five,
Made him the happiest man alive:
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And Freshmen wonder'd as he spoke!
Without politeness, aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.

Such pleasures, unallay'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft, at length, transfix
Our swain, arriv'd at thirty-six?

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION. 83

O had the archer ne'er come down,
To ravage in a country town;
Or Flavia been content to stop,
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop!
O! had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
O!—But let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.

Our alter'd parson now began
To be a perfect lady's man!
Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermon o'er,
And told the tales he told before:
Of bailiffs pump'd; and proctors' bit;
At college, how he shew'd his wit:
And, as the fair-one still approv'd,
He fell in love!—or thought he lov'd;
So with decorum all things carry'd,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married!

Need we expose to vulgar sight,
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains clos'd around?
Let it suffice, that each had charms,
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms!
And though she felt his visage rough,
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION

The honey-moon, like lightning flew,
The second brought it's transports too—
A third—a fourth—was not amiss;
The fifth, was Friendship, mix'd with bliss;
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay!
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace!
But still the worst remain'd behind,
That very face had robb'd her mind!

Skill'd in no other art was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;
And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a flatterer, or a belle.
Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked at a ball, or race!
But when at home, at board, or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapt her head!
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull domestic friend?
Could any curtain-lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits, or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding, or coquetting.

Now, tawdry Madam kept a bevy
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee!

DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION. 49

The squire and captain took their stations,
 And twenty other near relations:
 Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
 A sigh, in suffocating smoke.
 She, in her turn, became perplexing,
 And found substantial bliss in vexing.
 Thus every hour was pass'd between
 Insulting repartee, or spleen!
 Each day, the more her faults were known,
 He thinks her features coarser grown:
 He fancies every vice she shews,
 Or thins her lips, or points her nose.
 Whenever rage or envy rise,
 How wide her mouth! how wild her eyes!
 He knows not how, but so it is,
 Her face is grown a knowing phiz!
 And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,
 He thinks her ugly as the devil!

Thus, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
 While each a different way pursues;
 While sullen or loquacious strife,
 Still promis'd to hold on for life,
 That dire disease, whose ruthless power
 Withers the beauty's transient flower!—
 Lo! the small-pox, whose horrid glare
 Levell'd it's terrors at the fair;

And,

66 DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

And, rising every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright;
Each former art she vainly tries,
To bring back lustre to her eyes.
In vain she tries her pakes and creams,
To smooth her skin, or hide it's seams;
Her country beaux, and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor Madam, now condemn'd to hack,
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old;
With modesty her cheeks were dy'd,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean:
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good-nature every day;
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

A NEW

NEW SIMILE,

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

I Long had rack'd my brains, to find
A likeness for the scribbling kind;
The modern scribbling kind, who write,
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:
Till reading, I forget what day on,
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there,
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious;
First, please to turn to God Mercurius:
You'll find him pictur'd at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our Simile.

Imprimis,

A NEW SIMILE.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat ;
Wings upon either side——mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather—very right ;
With wit that's flighty, learning light ;
Such as to modern bards decreed:
A just comparison—Proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes ;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air.
And here my Simile unites:
For, in a modern poet's flights,
I'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand ;
By classic authors term'd Caducis,
And highly fam'd for several uses.
To wit—most wonderfully endu'd,
No poppy-water half so good ;
For let folks only get a touch,
It's soporific virtue's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore.

A NEW SIMILE:

Add too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell

Now to apply; begin we, then:

His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike they both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god,
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my Simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript;
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing—
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which our scribbling bards agree,
Being each as great a thief as he;
But ev'n this deity's existence,
Shall lend my Simile assistance.
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they, but senseless stones and blocks?

RETALIATION

RETALIATION.

A POEM.

THE title and nature of this Poem, shews that it owed it's birth to some preceding circumstances of festive merriment, which, from the wit of the company, and the very ingenious Author's peculiar oddities, were probably enlivened by some poignant strokes of humour. This piece was only intended for the Doctor's private amusement, and that of the particular friends who were it's subjects; and he unfortunately did not live to revise, or even to finish it, in the manner which he intended.

RETALIATION,

A POEM.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united;

If our * landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish,
Our Dean † shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke ‡ shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;

* The master of St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor,
and the friends he hath characterized in this Poem, held an oc-
casional club.

† Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many
ingenious pieces.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of
the greatest orators in this kingdom.

Our

RETALIATION.

Our Will * shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour;
 And Dick †, with his pepper, shall heighten their flavour;
 Our Cumberland's ‡ sweet-bread, it's place shall obtain;
 And Douglas § is pudding, substantial and plain;
 Our Garrick's || a sallad, for in him we see
 Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree;
 To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
 That Ridge ¶ is anchovy, and Reynolds ** is lamb;

* Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway
 and member for Bedwin.

† Mr. Richard Burke, Collector, Grenada, no less remarkable
 in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Edmund Burke
 is justly distinguished in all the branches of polite literature.

‡ Author of the West-Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers,
 and other dramatic pieces.

§ Doctor Douglas, Canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch
 gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a citizen of
 the world, than a sound critic, in detecting several literary mis-
 takes, or rather forgeries of his countrymen; particularly Lauder
 on Milton, and Bower's history of the Popes.

|| David Garrick, Esq. joint patentee and acting manager of
 the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane.

¶ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the
 Irish bar; the relish of whose agreeable and pointed conversation
 is admitted, by all his acquaintances, to be very properly com-
 pared to the above sauce.

** Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

That

That **HECKBY**'s* a capon; and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous **GOLDSMITH**, a gooseberry fool:
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last!
Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders, encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good **DEAN**, re-united to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt;
At least, in six weeks I could not find 'em out:
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good **EDMUND**, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it, too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townsend † to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;

* An eminent attorney.

† Mr. T. Townsend, member for Whitechurch.

For a patriot, too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient ;
 And too fond of the *right*, to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest WILLIAM, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't :
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong :
 Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
 Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest RICHARD, whose fate I must fight at ;
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
 What spirits were his ! what wit, and what whim !
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb !
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball ;
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all.
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick ;
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

* Mr. Richard Burke. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor had rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice or breaking his jests upon other people.

Here

RETALIATION.

75

Here CUMBERLAND lies, having acted his parts;
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
 Like a tragedy queen, he has dizen'd her out;
 Or, rather like Tragedy, giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies, so lost in a crowd
 Of virtues and failings, that Folly grows proud;
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our Poet, this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
 Say, was it, that vainly directing his view,
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here DOUGLAS retires, from toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
 When Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety—I fear'd for my own.
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture;

D 2

Macpherson

Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style;
 Our Townsend make speeches, and I shall compile;
 New Lauders and Bowers, the Tweed shall cross over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover:
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies DAVID GARRICK, describe me who can,
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine;
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line.
 Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art:
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
 And be-plaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
 'Twas only that when he was off, he was acting.
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd, and he varied, full ten times a day.
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
 For he knew when he pleas'd, he could whistle them back
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for Fame;
 Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 'ppor'd the highest was surest to please:

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind;
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave?
 How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-prais'd?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Behns be his Kellys above.

Here HICKEY reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature;
 And Slander itself, must allow him good-nature;
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
 I answer, No, no; for he always was wiser.
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest?—Ah, no!
 Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye—
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here REYNOLDS is laid; and, to tell you my mind,
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:

RETALIATION.

His pencil was striking, resistlefs, and grand ;
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart ;
 To coxcombs averfe, yet moft civilly fteering,
 When they judg'd without fkill, he was ftill hard of
 hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and ftuff,
 He fhifted his trumpet, * and only took fuff.

POSTSCRIPT.

HERE WHITEFOORD reclines, and deny it who can,
 Tho' he merily liv'd, he is now a grave man † :
 Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun !
 Who relifh'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun ;
 Whole temper was generous, open, fincere,
 A ftranger to flatt'ry, a ftranger to fear ;

* Sir Joshua Reynolds is fo remarkably deaf as to be under the neceffity of uſing an ear-trumpet in company.

† Mr. W. was fo notorious a punfter, that Dr. Goldsmith uſed to ſay, it was impoſſible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

Who

Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
 Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill;
 A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
 A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
 Should so long be to news-paper essays confin'd!
 Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
 Yet content—"if the table he set in a roar;"
 Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
 Yet happy if Woodfall* confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper wittings! ye pert scribbling folks!
 Who copy'd his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes:
 Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come;
 Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
 To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
 Then strew all around it—you can do no less—
Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of the press†.

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit:
 This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse—
 "Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd
 "muse."

* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Advertiser.

† Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the Public Advertiser.

STANZAS

ON THE

TAKING OF QUEBEC.

A MIDST the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart !
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start !

©! WOLFE ! to thee, a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear :
QUEBEC in vain shall teach our breasts to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy pronouncing eyes :
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead !
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

THE

THE
HAUNCH OF VENISON,

A
POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO
LORD CLARE.

THANKS, my Lord, for your venison, for finer
or fatter

Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
The HAUNCH was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help re-
gretting,

To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtù;

32 THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

As in some IRISH houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
 But, for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it was fried in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce—
 This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my Lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,
 It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn •.
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch,
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch ;
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monro's :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
 There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison—I know they love beef.
 There's my countryman, Higgins—Oh ! let him alone
 For making a blunder, or picking a bone.
 But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;

Lord Clare's nephew.

Such

Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.
While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance, a friend, as he call himself, enter'd;
An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow, was he,
And he smil'd, as he look'd at the venison and me.—
“What have we got here?—Why this is good eating!
“Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?”—
“Why, whose should it be?” cried I, with a flounce;
“I get these things often;”—but that was a bounce.
“Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
“Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation!”
“If that be the case, then,” cried he, very gay,
“I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.
“To-morrow, you take a poor dinner with me;
“No words—I insist on't—precisely at *three*;
“We'll have Johnson, and Burke—all the wits will be
“there;
“My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord Clare.
“And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!
“We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
“What say you?—a pasty, it shall, and it must;
“And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
“Here, porter, this venison with me to Mile-end;
“No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!”
Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

84 THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my self,
 And—"nobody with me at sea but myself*,"
 Tho' I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
 Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,
 Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty, his wife.
 So next day, in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
 —A chair-lumber'd closet just twelve feet by nine—
 My friend bade me welcome—but struck me quite dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come!—
 "For I knew it," he cried, "both eternally fail,
 "The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale:
 "But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 "With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 "The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 "They both of them merry, and authors, like you:
 "The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
 "Some think he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge."
 While thus he describ'd them, by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver and bacon, were seen;
 At the bottom was tripe, in a swingeing tureen;

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland and Lady Grosvenor—1769.

At the sides there was spinnage, and pudding made hot ;
In the middle, a place where the pasty—was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate, like a Turk or a Persian ;
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
But what vex'd me most, was that d——'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles, and his brogue ;
And " Madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my
" poison,

" A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
" Pray, a slice of your liver, though may I be curst,
" But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready to burst."—
" The tripe," quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
" I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week :
" I like these here dinners, so pretty and small,
" But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."—
" O ! ho !" quoth my friend, " he'll come on in a trice,
" He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
" There's a pasty"—" A pasty !" repeated the Jew ;
" I don't care if I keep a corner for't too."
" What the de'il, mon, a pasty !" re-echo'd the Scot,
" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
" We'll all keep a corner," the lady cry'd out :
" We'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid :

A visage

36 THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

A visage so sad, and so pale, with affright,
 Wak'd Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.
 But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her ?
 That she came with some terrible news from the baker !
 And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven,
 Had shut out the pasty, on shutting his oven !
 Sad Philomel thus—but let families drop—
 And now that I think on't, the story may stop.
 To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplac'd,
 To send such good verses to one of your taste :
 You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning—
 A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;
 At least it's your temper, as very well known,
 That you think very slightly of all that's your own :
 So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
 You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

A
DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay:
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champaign,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-Lane:
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The MUSE found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug!
A window patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view;
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The Seasons, fram'd with lifting, found a place;
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face:
The morn was cold, he views with keen desire
The rusty grate, unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scor'd,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board.
A night-cap deck'd his brows, instead of bay;
A cap by night—a stocking all the day!

THE
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd
As rational, the human mind :
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it, if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smigleſius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have ſtrove to prove with great preciſion,
With definition and diviſion,
Homo eſt ratione peditum;
But, for my ſoul, I cannot credit 'em.
And muſt, in ſpite of them, maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;
And that this boaſted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That inſtinct is a ſurer guide
Than reaſon, boaſting mortal's pride;

And

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.

63

And that brute beasts are far before 'em,

Deus est anima brutorum.

Whoever knew an honest brute

At law his neighbour prosecute,

Bring action for assault and battery,

Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?

O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,

No politics disturb their mind;

They eat their meals, and take their sport,

Nor know who's in or out at court;

They never to the levee go

To treat, as dearest friend, a foe:

They never importune his grace,

Nor ever cringe to men in place;

Nor undertake a dirty job,

Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.

Fraught with invective they ne'er go

To folks at Pater-noster Row:

No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,

No pick-pockets, or poetasters,

Are known to honest quadrupeds,

No single brute his fellows leads.

Brutes never meet in bloody fray,

Nor cut each other's throats for pay.

Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape

Comes nearest us in human shape;

Like

Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him, humbly cringing, wait
Upon the minister of state:
View him soon after to inferiors,
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises, with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care,
He, in his turn, finds imitators,
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen, lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

EPITAPH

0202

E P I T A P H

ON
DR. PARNEL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle PARNEL's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid,
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid:
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below;
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

SONG.

S O N G

FROM THE ORATORIO OF THE CAPTIVITY.

THE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies ;
And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise !

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way ;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

S O N G.

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys, recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

THE
CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROTT was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears?
“An’t please you,” quoth John, “I’m not given to
“ letters,
“ Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
“ Howe’er, from this time, I shall ne’er see your graces,
“ As I hope to be fav’d! without thinking on asses.”

EPI TAPH
ON
EDWARD PURDON.*

HERE lies poor NED PURDON, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookfeller’s hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don’t think he’ll wish to come back.

* Who translated Voltaire’s HENRIADE.

THE

THE GIFT.

TO IRIS,

IN BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual off'ring shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver;
Say, would the angry fair-one prize
The gift, who flights the giver?

A bill, or jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em:
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them—when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,

Or rose-bud, more in fashion;

Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose

A transitory passion.

I'll give thee, something yet unpaid,

Not less sincere, than civil;

I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid;

I'll give thee—to the devil.

S T A N Z A S

ON

W O M A N.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray;

What charm can soothe her melancholy,

What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,

To hide her shame from every eye,

To give repentance to her lover,

And wring his bosom—is, to die.

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be;
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends:

But when a pique began,

The dog, to gain his private ends,

Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,

The wondering neighbours ran,

And swore the dog had lost his wits,

To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,

To every christian eye;

And while they swore the dog was mad,

They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,

That shew'd the rogues they ly'd,

The man recover'd of the bite,

The dog it was that dy'd.

E

AN

AN
ELEGY

ON THE
GLORY OF HER SEX,
MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways,
Unless when she was finning.

At

AN ELEGY.

99

At church, in silks and sattins new,

With hoop of monstrous size;

She never slumber'd in her pew—

But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,

By twenty beaux and more;

The king himself has follow'd her—

When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,

Her hangers-on cut short all;

The doctors found, when she was dead—

Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow fore,

For Kent-street well may say,

That had she lived a twelvemonth more—

She had not dy'd to-day.

E 2

A PRO

A
P R O L O G U E *

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN

BY THE

POET LABERIUS,

A ROMAN KNIGHT,

WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!

Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,

What, in the name of dotage, drives me here?

A time there was, when glory was my guide,

Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;

Unaw'd by power, and unappall'd by fear,

With honest thrift I held my honour dear:

* Preserved by Macrobius, translated and printed in 1759.

But

A PROLOGUE.

101

But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.
Here then, at once, I welcome every shame,
And cancel, at threescore, a life of fame;
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well;
This day beyond it's term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

E 3

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MR. LEE LEWES,

IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN,

AT HIS BENEFIT.

HOLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your
nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two to ease my conscience.

My pride forbids it ever should be said,

My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;

That I found humour in a pyeball vest,

Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

[Takes off 'bis mask.

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?

Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;

In

In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
 The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps!
 How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood,
 Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursu'd!
 Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses;
 Whose only plot it is to break our noses:
 Whilst from below, the trap-door *Demon's* rise,
 And from above, the dangling deities.
 And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
 May rosin'd-light'ning blast me, if I do!
 No—I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:
 Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
 Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
 The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
 Oh for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:
 Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—'twas
 but a dream.

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no retreating:
 If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
 'Twas thus that *Æsop's* stag, a creature blameless,
 Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless;
 Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
 And cavill'd at his image in the flood.
 "The dence confound," he cries, "these drumstick
 " thanks,
 " They never have my gratitude nor thanks;

" They're

" They're perfectly disgracefull! Strike me dead!

" But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.

" How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!

" My horns! I'm told, horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd!—to his view,

Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew.

Hoicks! hark forward! came thund'ring from behind,

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;

He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;

He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze,

At length his silly head, so priz'd before,

Is taught his former folly to deplore;

Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,

And at one bound he saves himself, like me.

[Taking a jump through the stage door.]

At 3 o'clock

A

S O N N E T.

WEEPING, murmuring, complaining,
 Lost to every gay delight;
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection?
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

F I N I S.

B O O K S

PRINTED FOR AND SOLD BY J. LACKINGTON.

Just Published, and sold by J. LACKINGTON;

LOUISA MATHEWS; in Three Volumes, price sewed, 7s. 6d.—Bound, 9s.

J. LACKINGTON assures the Public, that the above very interesting Novel is the Production of a very respectable Lady;—is sorry that her Timidity should prevent her Name from appearing in the Title-page of a Work that does honour to her Judgment, her Taste, and her Feeling; and, at the same Time, discovers the Goodness of her Heart.

A NEW EDITION.

This Day is Published,

In One Volume, Octavo, (Price 5s. in boards) With a fine Portrait of the Author, by SCOTT, done from a very great Likeness, just painted by KENNAN.

MEMOIRS of the first Forty-Five Years of the Life of JAMES LACKINGTON, the present Bookseller, in Chiswell Street, Moorfields, London. Written by himself; in Forty-Six Letters to a Friend. With a Triple Dedication, to the Public, to respectable, to fordid, Booksellers. A new edition, corrected, and much enlarged; interspersed with many original humorous Stories, and droll Anecdotes.

- “ No youth did I in education waste;
- “ Happily I'd an intuitive Taste:
- “ Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,
- “ No barb'rous birch did ever brush my b——.
- “ My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,
- “ My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery book,
- “ Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach;
- “ Good parts are better than eight parts of speech.
- “ Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call;
- “ I thank my stars, that I declin'd them all.
- “ To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,
- “ I trust to Mother Wit and Father Sense.
- “ Nature's my guide; all pedantry I scorn;
- “ Pains I abhor, I was an Author born.”

“ The

BOOKS printed for and sold by J. LACKINGTON.

“ The Hero of the present Publication, is the well known JAMES LACKINGTON, who now deals in Books by Thousands and Ten Thousands; and who, from his original Situation in Life, seemed to have been condemned to pass his Days in Ignorance; at least, the utmost that was to be expected from it was, to half read and half spell his Testament. But Minds of a peculiar Stamp are superior to all Situations, and burst resistless through Barriers which are insurmountable to the Herd of Mankind.

“ As an Author, Mr. LACKINGTON is commendable; he is entertaining, and he is useful. The curious Anecdotes he has interperfed, his Account of Methodism, and indeed the general Variety of his Narrative, keep up the Attention; while the plain and undissembled Manner in which he relates the Means of his Success will instruct others, and act at once as a Spur and a Guide to their Industry.”

English Review, Nov. 1791.

“ LACKINGTON's MEMOIRS contain Instruction and Amusement. His Vanity sits easy upon him—Open and sincere in his constant Confession of the original Penury of his Situation, even Envy may pardon him for escaping from a Shoemaker's Stool to a Carriage and Four Thousand a Year. His Pictures of Low Life are neither uninstruative nor uninteresting. That of Mr. LACKINGTON's Mother supporting Eleven Children by her own Labour, working Nineteen Hours in Twenty-four, and living on Vegetables, while she furnished her numerous Offspring with rather better Fare, is more pleasing than any Scene in a Sentimental Novel.—The Book seems an honest, faithful Narrative.”

Critical Review, April 1792.

“ From these Memoirs Religionists may learn how Enthusiasm is supported; and Tradesmen, of every Description, how to acquire immense Fortunes by small Profits. Particulars of the Methodists are here first laid open.”

Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1791.

“ Mr. LACKINGTON is very ample and diverting in his Account of the Methodists, whom he has deserted.—Mr. LACKINGTON has, with good Sense and good Humour, made as much of Occurrences in Life, as any one of a better Education could do; and he appears justly to merit the Prosperity which he now enjoys—Long may he enjoy it.”

Monthly Review, Feb. 1792.

“ In our Review for November 1791, we took Notice of the First Edition of these entertaining and eccentric Memoirs. It gave us sensible Pleasure to announce to the World the Progress of successful Industry. By the early Appearance of this improved Edition, we are in Hopes that LACKINGTON's Memoirs have become

BOOKS printed for and sold by J. LACKINGTON.

become the *Vade Mecum* of every sober and thinking young Man of Business, and that his Book, like Elijah's Mantle, will communicate at least a Portion of his Spirit to the rising Generation.

"It may be necessary to add, as it marks the Author's Determination to live by *small Profits, bound by Industry, and clasped by Oeconomy*—though the Additions to the Life amount to 152 Pages, and it is printed upon a fine Paper; yet is sold, in it's present State, for 5s. the Price of the first Edition."

English Review, July 1792.

WATTS'S PSALMS AND HYMNS. A new and very small Edition, little more than half an Inch thick, about four Inches and half long, and two and half wide; neatly printed on a new Type, cast on purpose by CASLON. The Paper is fine and thin, and was also made on purpose. The price of this curious Edition is 3s. 6d. *neatly bound in black Calf, gilt Leaves; or may be had in any colour Morocco, gilt Leaves, Back, &c. 5s. each.*

A Short Relation of the RIVER NILE; of it's Source and Current; and other Curiosities. By an eye-witness, who lived many years in Abyssinia.

. This Work was translated from the Portuguese by order of, and printed for, the ROYAL SOCIETY of London, in 1669: —And as Lord Brouncker, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Wallis, Mr. Gregory, Dr. Halley, and other learned Men, were Members of the Royal Society at that Time, no Doubt can be made of the Authenticity.

The above Work being very scarce, it was judged that a new Edition of it would be very acceptable to the Public, and the more so, as a late Traveller arrogates to himself the unique Merit of discovering the Head of the NILE, and takes uncommon pains to make his Readers believe, that no other Person had ever arrived at these so much famed Sources; but it is very remarkable, that this modern Traveller's Account of these celebrated Fountains are nearly in the very words of this old Work—the Inference is obvious! To this new Edition is prefixed a new Preface.